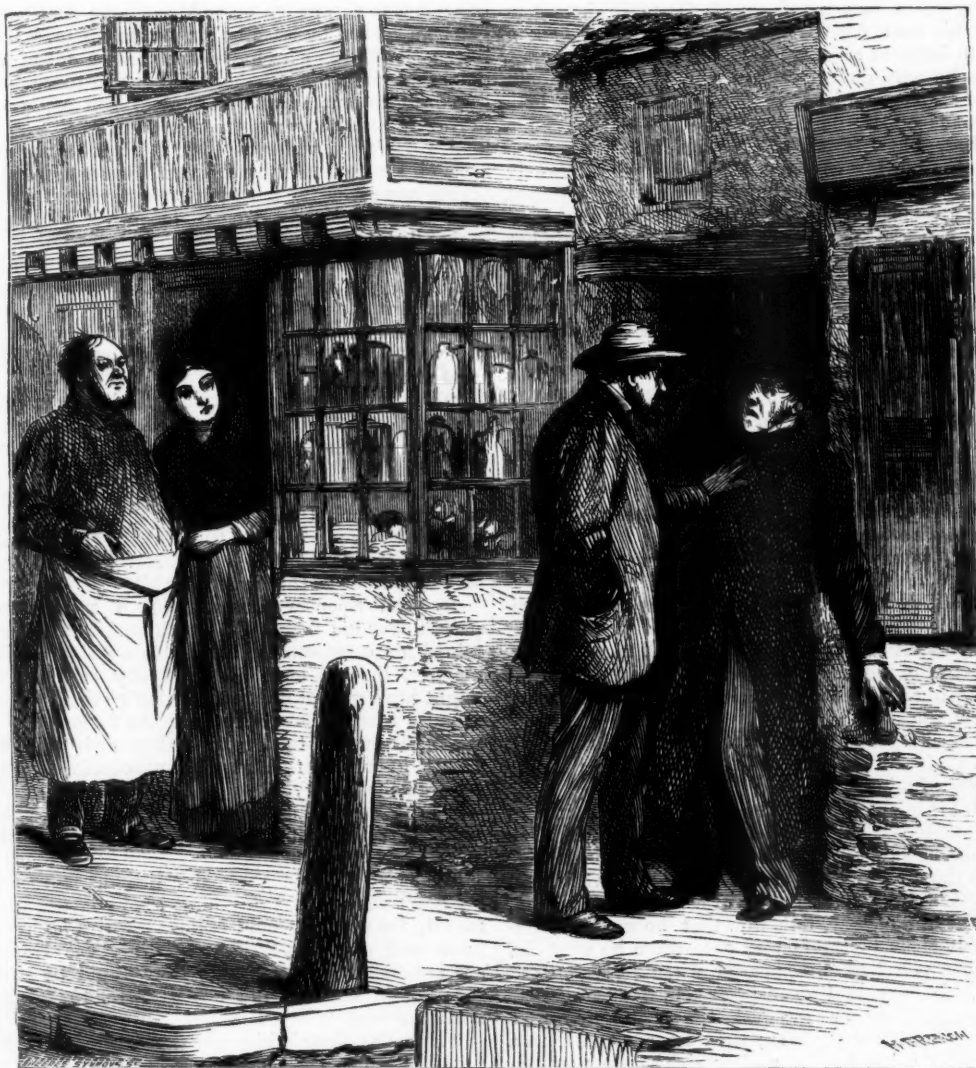


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



BERNARD SPENSER HEARS THAT HE IS SUSPECTED.

HIS ONLY ENEMY.

CHAPTER XVII.—A SUDDEN RESOLUTION.

LITTLE Janie Spenser was puzzled by the change which had come over her father ever since the burning of the factory. At times he was very techy, and the least noise seemed to alarm him, signs that were a mystery to his good, patient little daughter. She noticed with wonder that even the sound of her voice startled him, if she spoke when he sat brooding

over the fire, which latterly he had a habit of doing whenever he was at home. Occasionally, when he found it impossible to dispel the shadow from his face, even in her presence, he would invent some excuse for going out again after tea, and it was seldom he returned until he knew she was safe in bed. The truth was, he had grown terribly afraid of facing his child, fearing she would read his guilt in his face. It was a strange fancy, the outgrowth of a troubled conscience. But Janie had no suspicion

of the truth; she only thought her father was unwell and that he was worried, knowing that the little money he earned by keeping one or two tradesmen's books was only sufficient to keep them in bread. All this stimulated Janie to work harder, and two or three times her father had come home to find the poor child asleep over her work from sheer exhaustion.

It had been one of his bad days, as Janie termed them, and the moment the tea-things had been removed and Janie had taken her work out of its resting-place and sat down at the table, he got up from his seat and prepared to go out. A look of disappointment came into Janie's eyes when she saw what he was doing. "Are you going out again, father?" she inquired, anxiously, turning her little patient face towards him.

"Yes, but I don't think I shall be long, for I am not going far, so you needn't be uneasy, Janie."

"I did so hope you would stay at home to-night, father; it is so very lonely being here all by myself." While she was speaking, her father took up his hat, then put it down again, as if inclined to yield to his daughter's pleading. "And I've such a lot of news to tell you," she added, by way of inducement, for she was quick enough to see that he was undecided whether to go or stay. Unfortunately for poor Janie, her last words had a contrary effect. News had but one definition to Bernard Spenser, and it related to the late fire. In his present mood he was afraid of betraying to her his guilty secret; thus it was that she unconsciously hastened his departure.

He had not proceeded far down the road before he was stopped by a man who was coming in an opposite direction.

"Ah, Spenser, this is lucky, for I was just going to your place to look for you."

"Well, what is it you want?" was the surly response.

"I've a bit of news that I think will surprise you. Old Ben, the night-watchman at the factory, told me this morning that Mr. Maurice suspects some one; can you guess who?"

"I'm not going to try, Lee; I am thankful I was not in their employ at the time it took place; it's no business of mine."

"But it is, though; you've more to do with it than you imagine. Mr. Maurice has been asking Ben whether he saw you close to the factory a short time before the fire was discovered. The old watchman says he didn't; but Mr. Maurice, who, it appears, called at the factory, tells him that he saw you suspiciously close to the factory gate when he went in, and that you had disappeared when he came out again. It is evident he suspects you, Spenser."

Bernard Spenser grasped the railings for a moment, as if for support; then he answered, in a low husky voice, but in a slow, deliberate manner, like that of a man who has got a lesson by rote, and is doubtful of his ability to repeat it.

"Suspects me, does he! Well, it's to his interest to try and throw the blame on some one, and he has fixed on me because I am acquainted with the different parts of the factory, and have been discharged. I am only a poor man, while he has plenty of money to employ counsel in case I should enter a counter charge against him. You remember what I said to you on the morning after the fire?"

"Yes, I do; but no man in his senses would set fire to his own premises unless for the sake of the insurance, and Ben tells me the place isn't insured—"

Bernard Spenser interrupted him, repeating, in evident consternation, "Not insured!"

"Not for a penny! So, you see, Mr. Maurice could have had no motive to do it, and I don't believe he did."

"I don't care what you believe, Lee," replied Bernard Spenser, who had recovered his composure; "all I know is, that I have said nothing but what I can prove."

"If what you say is true, Spenser, it's your duty to tell it to the police or to Mr. Allen; he's no right to be screened because he's a wealthy man. Look at the poor fellows who have been thrown out of work, myself among the number! What is there to look forward to but starvation? And you say you can prove it is all the young master's work?"

"I don't go so far as that, Lee; it's only a suspicion, strengthened by the words we overheard him make use of on the morning after the fire."

"Didn't you say you could prove all you had said?"

"Yes, I did."

"Then you must do so. I shall be sorry for Mr. Allen if it's true, but that's not going to keep my mouth shut and conceal a crime like that. If it was a secret, what did you tell it to me for, I should like to know?"

"My telling you, Lee, was partly the result of accident, and in case he accused me—I mean any one else—I wanted you as a witness to confirm what I said."

"Then I don't thank you for making me into a cat's-paw; and I tell you what, Spenser, it strikes me you know more about this matter than you admit, or why should you be afraid Mr. Maurice should single you out as the incendiary?"

Bernard Spenser winced, and a sudden pallor passed over his face. But, with an effort, he maintained his composure, and said, in a quiet, confident manner, that at once disarmed any suspicion that might have got into his companion's mind, "Simply because I happened to be near the factory that day when he saw me. So far, his statement is quite true; I must have been thinking and unconsciously turned down to the factory."

"That seems likely enough, old fellow," struck in Lee, interrupting him; "for I did the same thing myself this very morning."

Spenser's face brightened a little as he resumed, "I don't want to say anything about it unless I'm forced, for no one would believe me if I did. You know well enough, Lee, how highly the Harfords are esteemed by every one; they would be sure to say I had accused him out of revenge for some fancied wrong."

"But I've heard him say he wished the place burned down. I'm not afraid to speak up for you; and I will, whether I am asked or not. I've no wish to go to prison for concealing a crime, so you had better make up your mind at once to tell all you know."

"I must think it over, Lee."

They separated at the end of the road, Bernard Spenser thoughtfully retracing his steps towards his cottage; but Thomas Lee, after a moment's hesitation, started off in the direction of The Elms. He could not get over the feeling that he was plotting evil against Mr. Maurice, and resolved to go and tell him all.

About an hour later he was standing on the

threshold he could and All intention sight of

"Ah, pose? answer,

The long on into the started manner his four

It was came h retired venture who ad been at had an he must

"For came on and he up purp when I very wh

Maur now ask the man

"Yes

"Wh

"I'm

sir. W

worryin head, b

Maur

from wh at once

of him,

had hel

conclusi

Rodger

The c

vered fr

of Mau

had rec

his abs

Maur

he retir

heard,

had lef

"If i

great e

or driv

lessly l

not wa

be her

with m

him ev

A lit

softly

at Alle

ajar, a

no sou

enter

first n

sently

door.

threshold of The Elms. While he was inquiring if he could see Mr. Maurice Harford, a door opened and Allen came into the hall, evidently with the intention of crossing to another room, but, catching sight of the visitor, he stopped and addressed him.

"Ah, Lee, is that you? Want to see me, I suppose? Step this way," and without waiting for an answer, he passed on into the library.

The interview between the two was not a very long one. When it was over, Thomas Lee was sent into the kitchen to get some refreshment before he started on his homeward journey, and, from the lusty manner of his attack upon the viands, it was evident his four-mile walk had made them very acceptable.

It was late that night before Maurice Harford came home. His brother had some time previously retired to his room, not yet being well enough to venture on keeping late hours. The housekeeper, who admitted Maurice, informed him that a man had been at the house inquiring for him; that he had had an interview with Mr. Allen, and she thought he must have brought bad news.

"For your brother was looking quite ill when he came out of the library about an hour afterwards, and he scarcely touched his supper. I have waited up purposely to tell you, sir, as I felt quite startled when I saw his face, it was so full of trouble and so very white."

Maurice, who had listened silently to all she said, now asked, with visible apprehension, "Did you say the man inquired for me, Mrs. Farren?"

"Yes; I understood it was you he wanted."

"What name did he give?"

"I'm sorry to say it has quite slipped my memory, sir. What with the sight of your brother's face, and worrying about him, has quite driven it out of my head, but I think it was Thomas something."

Maurice started, and dropped back into the chair from which he had risen with the intention of going at once to Allen. A sudden fear had taken possession of him, a fear which the housekeeper's last words had helped to confirm. He instantly came to the conclusion that the visitor was no other than Thomas Rodgers.

The old woman was some seconds before she recovered from her astonishment at the sudden collapse of Maurice, and at the strange manner in which he had received her account of what had occurred during his absence.

Maurice promised her he would see Allen before he retired, but he sat alone, brooding over all he had heard, for a considerable time after the housekeeper had left him.

"If it comes to that," he suddenly exclaimed, with great excitement—"if it comes to that, it will kill me, or drive me mad." Then he began to walk restlessly backward and forward. "I am glad he did not wait for me," he thought, "but he is certain to be here again to-morrow. Why has he broken faith with me? why has he broken faith when I have sent him even more than he asked?"

A little later, when he had grown calmer, he stole softly up to his bedchamber, pausing a moment at Allen's door to listen. To his surprise it was ajar, and the light was still burning; but hearing no sound, he went on to his own room. As he entered, the clock in the hall struck twelve, the first notes of its loud voice startling him. Presently he came out again, and returned to Allen's door. This time there were signs which proved

that Allen was not asleep; probably the striking of the clock had awakened him. Maurice raised his hand to tap at the door before he entered, when his brother's voice arrested the movement. His heart almost stood still as he listened.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice! It cannot be true, and yet everything points to him."

The broken words that followed he imperfectly caught, but the recent fire was evidently the one subject uppermost in Allen's mind.

Maurice turned away with a sick heart, and went back to his own room, closed and locked the door, then flung himself across the bed with a heartbroken cry.

"And he believes I have wilfully set fire to the factory—he believes me guilty of that. Oh, Allen, Allen, how can you think so badly of me? But it is only what I might have expected now that my miserable past has been all laid bare to him by that treacherous fellow Rodgers. He knows now the wretched secret which has been for years my burden and my punishment, for it has hung over me like a menace and made me live a life of insecurity and fear."

After this paroxysm of excited feeling, Maurice lay still for some time, his face buried in his hands and his chest heaving convulsively. At last he rose hurriedly, and began unlocking and opening drawers in feverish haste. "It's no use," he thought, "there is no other way of escape open to me; I must leave the house while they are all asleep; I could not face Allen and that man with all the misery of exposure behind him. No, no; whatever pain it costs me, I must go, and at once."

As he mused he moved cautiously about the room, making the needful preparations for his sudden journey, sometimes getting painfully confused over his task, and unconsciously retarding his own progress. He succeeded in hunting up a portmanteau that was small enough to be carried without much inconvenience. A little while sufficed to cram it with a pile of miscellaneous articles from his drawers, then he made a hasty toilette, and, remembering he had taken very little supper, he made an attempt to revive his sinking strength upon a draught of water and a few biscuits. Everything at last was ready for his hasty flight, everything but the letter which he had to write to Allen—the letter of farewell to his only brother, the one true friend whom the world contained for him. Who else would miss him or grieve for his absence? If he died a lonely exile from kindred and home, his death would not leave an empty place in any other life than Allen's. For a moment the thought of Clarence Mosely came to him, but only to be dismissed with a sense of recoil. On his own account he had been estranging himself from that once-courted friend; his fascinations had no longer the same power over him. The change dated from the day that he saw Clarence in conversation with Thomas Rodgers on the platform of the Deanfield railway-station; from that time there had been growing in his mind a secret fear and distrust of Clarence, which made him anxious to avoid rather than seek the society of the squire's nephew. He glanced at his watch with the thought that he must catch the first train for London. Then he opened a small writing-desk which stood on a table ready for use, and sat down to write his letter. It was the hardest task of all. Sheet after sheet was spoiled and thrown aside; it was only when he became desperate about time that he dashed off a few blurred

lines, which he folded, carefully sealed, and addressed. This letter he placed on the table where he knew it would be found and given to his brother. "There will just be time," he thought, as he glanced at the little clock on the mantel, which had just chimed the half-hour—it was half-past three. Then, hastily drawing on his overcoat and catching up his portmanteau and travelling-rug, he went silently out of the room, swiftly closing the door behind him, as though he could not trust himself to look back.

For the third time that night Maurice found himself at Allen's door; it was still unfastened, and the shaded night-lamp was burning dimly at the farther end of the room, where its light would not disturb the sleeper. After a moment's hesitation the fugitive crept in, holding his hand to his side as if to still the tumultuous throbbing of his heart that seemed to threaten suffocation. The next instant he was bending over the bed where Allen was sleeping the heavy sleep of physical exhaustion. The tumbled state of the bed-clothes gave evidence of previous wakefulness, but now he was at rest, and unconscious of the new grief that would come to him with the morrow. Maurice gave one look and started back in alarm. If his brother had awoke then what days and nights of anguish and doubt and misconception would have been spared to both. But he only sighed and moaned, as if some sad dream had visited him in his sleep. So the tender bond of brotherly union parted between those two, and poor, weak Maurice drifted away from the safe haven of protecting love and care.

To avoid the danger of alarming the house, he chose the low French window of the library, which gave him an easy and silent means of egress. A gust of wind and rain beat into his face as he stepped upon the wet grass and prepared to brave the discomfort of his long, solitary walk to the railway-station in the dreary November darkness.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MISSED.

THE dreary night was followed by as dreary a morning, cold, comfortless, and wet. The routine of another working day had begun, and the servants at The Elms were going about their duties with the usual clockwork precision that regulated the movements of that orderly household. Punctual to the minute, breakfast had been carried in just as Allen Harford came down, looking pale and tired, with the signs of physical weakness still visibly marked. His face had the look of a man who carried with him some ever-present sense of trouble, but that morning he had carefully schooled his manner into a simulation of outward cheerfulness. This he did for his brother's sake, that he might be preserved from any mental disturbance or anxiety, believing that the least irritation might prove disastrous in its effect upon the mind of Maurice.

From that day the poor monomaniac must be taken more entirely into his keeping, but it must be managed with caution. After the calamity of the fire, and his brother's suspected share in it, Allen considered that Maurice could not be safely trusted without constant watchfulness; but this necessary surveillance could only be carried through with delicate forethought and much tenderness and tact. This was the work Allen had set himself to do, at any cost of pain or personal sacrifice.

In spite of his paleness and the air of feebleness which hung about him that morning, there was

the look of a fixed purpose in his clear eyes as he turned the handle of the parlour door and silently registered his resolution. At that moment he felt it a relief that his brother had not come in to his breakfast; his absence gave him what he needed—time to regain composure and prepare for the part which he had voluntarily assigned himself. The end of half an hour found the breakfast cooling upon the table and Allen still waiting for Maurice. His mind was so preoccupied that he did not notice the passing of time until he was reminded by the striking of the mantel clock. That roused him; he poured out his coffee and drank it leisurely, feeling no surprise at his brother's non-appearance. It was nothing unusual for Maurice to come down late, want of punctuality being one of his failings. Allen relapsed into his fit of sorrowful thought, from which he was suddenly roused by a low knock at the door, and the appearance of the elderly man-servant, who was both butler and footman. He came in with the letter, and thus Allen became aware that another quarter of an hour had passed without bringing Maurice. The morning was so far advanced that for the first time he was conscious of a vague feeling of uneasiness in connection with this continued delay, and at once dispatched the servant with a message which he thought likely to hurry his brother. After a short interval the servant reappeared.

"I think Mr. Maurice must be asleep, sir, for I knocked several times and he did not answer."

"He could scarcely be asleep at this hour, Andrew. You had better try again, and knock loudly; he may not have heard you."

A longer time elapsed before the man came back. Allen was growing impatient, and had just raised his hand to ring the bell when he entered. There was a puzzled expression on the servant's face that did not escape his notice.

"Well, Andrew, I hope you have had better success. What does Mr. Maurice say?"

"Nothing, sir. Mr. Maurice is not in his room."

"Not in his room! Are you sure, Andrew?"

"Quite sure, sir, for I opened the door and looked in."

Not wishing to make his brother's movements the subject of comment, even to the privileged old servant, Allen contented himself with saying quietly, "He must have taken a fancy for a morning walk, in spite of the rain." He sighed over his brother's eccentricities as Andrew left the room, and drew nearer to the table to complete his breakfast, for he had not the faintest suspicion of the truth. It was not long, however, before there was another knock at the door, and the next moment the housekeeper bustled in. The first glance at the old lady's face warned him that something was wrong. Her first words shocked him. "Mr. Maurice never went to bed last night, sir."

"Never went to bed!" echoed Allen, in a quick, startled tone, rising hurriedly from his chair.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him," she continued; "he looked so very strange last night when I told him about the man who called to see him. I was afraid he was going to faint when I told him that you had seen him instead."

Allen's voice had a sharp ring of anxiety and pain as he said, hastily, "I am very sorry you mentioned it to my brother, Mrs. Farren, very sorry."

"So am I, if it's done any harm, sir, which of course I hadn't an idea of or I should not have opened my

lips,"
thing in
reproach

Allen
longer
away to
of wild
were be

One
bed had

The
drawer
scattered
they ha
search
chair, c
he look
strange
packing
hand o
reality
from w

A fe
arrested
on the
articles
table-d

"Co
eagerly
misgivi
munica
visibly
own na
well-kr
not lon
hungry
step wi

The
taining
the wr
the fe
wards
blurred
omissio
too mu
mansho

"Go
we two
time s
coward
of trou
the pu
have d
becaus
and di
knowi
that th
who w
think
you g
yours.

This
added
people

"I
late fi
be the
I have
rice H
mad a

lips," the old lady retorted, aggrieved at something in her master's manner which seemed like a reproach for her own want of discretion.

Allen, full of repressed excitement, and unable any longer to control his growing agitation, hurried away to his brother's room. He found it in a state of wild disorder that seemed to confirm the fears that were beginning to be forced upon him.

One glance was sufficient to satisfy him that the bed had not been occupied.

The appearance of the room alarmed him; open drawers, half emptied of their contents, which were scattered in thick confusion about the floor, as though they had been tossed hurriedly aside to facilitate the search for some special article. Allen sank into a chair, overcome by a sudden sensation of sickness as he looked round and realised what it all meant. The strange disorder of the room seemed to imply hasty packing for a journey. He passed his trembling hand over his eyes with a bewildered air. Was it reality? or only a fragment of some painful dream, from which he would awake presently?

A few moments later his wandering glance was arrested by something that looked like a letter, lying on the table, half hidden among a pile of miscellaneous articles which had been emptied from one of the table-drawers.

"Could it be from Maurice?" He started up, eagerly expectant, yet doubting and full of undefined misgivings and dread as to the nature of the communication that might be awaiting him. His hand visibly trembled as he took the letter and read his own name on the envelope, inscribed in his brother's well-known handwriting. It was not a long letter—not long enough for Allen, whose aching heart was hungry for some fuller explanation of the strange step which had been so suddenly taken by Maurice.

The letter was barren of any real information, containing little attempt at vindication or revelation of the writer's feelings beyond what was wrung out in the few hurried words of affection and farewell. Towards the end the paper was disfigured by some blurred lines, several blundering erasures and omissions of words, as though the writer had become too much agitated to regard the quality of his penmanship.

"Good-bye, Allen, dear old fellow. From to-night we two must live divided lives, divided for the first time since we were boys. I shall seem a selfish coward to the last, to have deserted you in the time of trouble, and taken an ignoble flight to escape from the punishment which I cannot but admit that I have deserved. I go to spare you as well as myself, because I could not bear to involve you in my misery and disgrace, and cast a blight upon your life. I go, knowing that I leave behind the only true friend that the world holds for me, the only one on earth who will not judge me. Once more good-bye; try to think of me at my best, and believe that I have done you good service in taking my way apart from yours."

This was the substance of the letter, to which was added a postscript that did much to deepen Allen's perplexity about Maurice.

"I cannot leave you without a word about the late fire at the factory, which is generally believed to be the work of an incendiary. Oh, Allen, to my grief, I have made the discovery that you suspect me, Maurice Harford, of an act which in my case would be as mad as it was criminal. I cannot remember anything

that I have done to account for such a suspicion getting into your mind. There is much against me, but not that, thank God, not that. On this the last night that may see us under the same roof, I give you my solemn assurance that I am as guiltless as yourself of any share in that unfortunate business. If I had remained at Deanfield I should have acted upon a suspicion which had been forced upon my mind concerning one man, of whose soundness of principle I have long had doubt. You will remember Bernard Spenser, our late book-keeper. On the afternoon of the 30th September I had occasion to go to the factory for a letter which I had left upon my desk; you will understand why I was so anxious about it when I tell you that it was addressed to the man whom you saw last night. It was then that I noticed Spenser loitering about the gates. It struck me as being suspicious at the time, and gave me an unpleasant impression for which I could not account. I did not venture to mention it to you after the fire, because of your illness, and I had no ground beyond my own suspicions for thinking him guilty, but I think it right to tell you now, so that you may have him watched."

"Bernard Spenser!" said Allen, slowly, as the letter dropped from his trembling fingers, and he sat gazing absently at it as it lay at his feet, again repeating the name to himself. It was strange that his brother should have given what seemed like a counter accusation against the very man whom Thomas Lee had named as his authority for the grave hints which he had given in connection with Maurice and the origin of the fire.

CURIOUS CIRCUIT CUSTOMS.

OLD customs, rapidly dying out under modern innovation, appear to retain greater vitality amongst ancient institutions. As "going circuit" by the judges of England is one of the most ancient occurrences in our history, one is prepared to find some of the oldest ceremonies and observances connected with that time-honoured usage still existing.

Let us take first the matter of *gloves*. Every one knows that when an assize town has to bring before the Queen's justices no prisoner for trial, or where, in more ancient time, no prisoners had to be sentenced to death, the town is, or was, said to have a "maiden assize," and the high sheriff presented, and still presents, the judge presiding in the criminal court with a pair of white kid *gloves*.

But the *meaning* of the custom is not so clearly understood, and has occasioned much discussion. To wear gloves, or have the hands covered, is a mark of superiority, whereas to go without gloves is a mark of submission. Hence it is not usual to receive the sacrament with a gloved hand, nor does one take the gospels with the hand covered when about to be sworn. To shake hands with the glove on used to be considered rude, and the hands must at all times be uncovered when in the sovereign's presence. Giving possession of lands and dignities by the delivery of a glove was common in the ninth and tenth centuries. In 1002 the Bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put in possession of their sees by receiving a glove each; and a little later, abbots in France were forbidden by the Council of Poitiers to wear "ring, sandals, or *gloves*," these three being

peculiar to bishops. Monks, however, might wear gloves made of sheepskin.

The unfortunate *Donradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper *Mainfroy*. When, having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince, lamenting his hard fate, asserted his right to the crown, and, as a token of investiture, threw his glove among the crowd, entreating it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death, it was taken up by a knight and brought to Peter, King of Arragon, who, in virtue of this glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of gloves was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degradation. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward II, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says: "His spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off," etc.*

Now, reverting to circuit customs, as a judge owes submission to the sovereign whom he represents, and under whose commission he sits, it would be an assumption of too great dignity were he to have his hands covered when acting as deputy of the sovereign in the execution of the royal commission; hence, says Seldon, "judges wear not gloves while they act in their commission."

But where there are no prisoners to try, or, in ancient times, where no prisoner was to be condemned to death, and therefore (death being then the common punishment of all criminal offences, from stealing to the value of one shilling upwards) the higher powers of the crown were not to be called in exercise, and ordinary magistrates' functions were to be executed by "delivering the gaol," the sheriff signified to the judge, by presenting him with gloves, that he might retain that portion of his attire of which he had divested himself whilst acting as his sovereign's representative. The gloves so presented are usually *white*, as indicative of the purity of the county from crime.

Gloves, however, are not only presented on a "maiden assize." At Oxford the circuit judges, on arriving at their "lodgings," are waited upon by the vice-chancellor and heads of houses, and, after congratulations, two pairs of white kid gloves, lined with white silk and beautifully embroidered with gold, are presented to each of their lordships with these words, which confirm the meaning attached to the present of the maiden assize gloves above referred to:—"We present your lordships with these gloves, which we beg you to wear in token that, because of your high dignity, you are entitled to have your hands covered in presence of the dignitaries of this university."

The sister university of Cambridge was yet more liberal, and until recently presented each judge with eighteen pairs of gloves of various colours, one being a gift from each college.

Newcastle-on-Tyne is the only remaining circuit town in England which presents gloves at the assizes, two pairs to each judge and to each judge's marshal, and one pair to each other individual in the judges' retinue, as well as to the clerks of assize and all their officers.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, indeed, still observes some of the olden ceremonies in connection with judges of assize. With the single exception of the city of Bristol, no other town insists upon entertaining the representatives of the crown during the assizes. The judges of assize are presented, as just mentioned, with gloves on their arrival, and are entertained with profuse hospitality until their duties are ended. When the assize work is over, the mayor and aldermen, in full regalia, attend the judges, and the mayor, as spokesman, makes a speech somewhat as follows:—

"My lords, we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labours in this ancient town, and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle, through a border county much and often infested by the Scots; we therefore present each of your lordships with a piece of money to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

He then presents to the senior judge a piece of gold coin of the reign of James I, called a *Jacobus*, and to the junior judge a similar coin of the reign of Charles I, a *Carolus*, and, after having been duly thanked by the judge in commission, retires. The corporation have had at times a great difficulty in procuring these coins for the purpose of the assize, and as keeping up the ceremony is enjoined by one of their ancient charters, they are loth to let it drop.

Upon the death or resignation, therefore, of a judge who has been accustomed to travel the Northern Circuit, the corporation at once offer to purchase from his representatives the "dagger money" he may have received as above on his several advents to Newcastle, in order to use it on future occasions, and they are accustomed to bid very liberally for the coins. Notwithstanding this, however, the supply has at times been so scanty that £15 has been on more than one occasion given for each necessary coin.

The writer was present during a Newcastle winter assize at which the judge waited in the town some hours after the termination of his duties in order duly to receive the much-prized coin, which had not arrived from some London coin collector's. The late Baron Alderson, indeed, gave the corporation no chance of receiving back for second-hand use his "dagger money." He chose the Northern Circuit (his own when at the bar) a great number of times when on the bench, and after each visit to Newcastle had his *Jacobus* or *Carolus* mounted as a brooch or other ornament, and presented it to some one or other of the members of his very excellent family.

We cannot but share the doubts expressed by a witty ex-judge, still living, who, upon receiving the gold after the mayor's exordium, said: "I thank the mayor and corporation much for this gift. I doubt, however, whether the Scots have been so troublesome on the borders lately; I doubt, too, whether daggers in any number are to be purchased in this ancient town for the protection of my suite and of myself; and I doubt if these coins are altogether a legal tender at the present time."

The steward of Warwick Castle still brings to the "judges' lodgings," spring, summer, and winter—if a winter assize be there held—the key of Warwick Castle grounds, that the judges may "recreate themselves therein" during their stay in the town.

Presents of food and drink, especially of the former, are now rarely made to the justices of assize;

* D'Israeli, "Cur. Lit." p. 85, ed. 1840.

anciently they were very frequent, especially from the high sheriff, who "tunned in" to the judges' lodgings before the circuit commenced large quantities of beer, wine, and spirits, together with choice beef and mutton, poultry and game. This at last became so excessive that the hospitality had to be put down by a resolution of the judges themselves, who thenceforward pledged themselves to decline any such presents. Flowers and fruit are still tendered by and accepted from county gentlemen of position; and venison, when in season, from the great country parks and seats, the owners of several of which have affixed to the conditions of the tenure of their estates that of providing the king's justices with "fat bucks and does at the assizes," notably Blickling Hall, in the county of Norfolk, the birthplace of Anne Boleyn; Stoneleigh, the seat of Lord Leigh, in Warwickshire; and Trentham, the princely abode of the Earl of Sutherland, near Stafford; the beautiful presents of venison from each of which run back to a very early date.

At Cambridge, where the judges are lodged in Trinity College, the "heads of houses" present twelve bottles of very choice port wine, and brew three barrels of very potent ale for the judges and their attendants; while at Lancaster, under the provisions of the will of a benevolent old lady who died some centuries since, and who doubtless gained some heavy verdict in her favour, two dozen bottles of very rare and fine port are brought to the "lodgings" at the commencement of each assize.

The only other present we need allude to is the bouquet of flowers placed on the bench before the judge during the exercise of the duties of his office. These are mostly the result of ancient bequests. At some of the towns of the Western Circuit they are particularly beautiful, notably at Exeter and Bristol; and at many others, where there is no special means from which they may be supplied, the high sheriff provides them, sometimes at great personal cost.

Flowers in court were originally used for preventing by their odour the effects of "gaol fever" upon the judge and his associates on the bench, and for a similar purpose, and until quite recently, small bunches of rue were placed before the prisoners upon trial at the Old Bailey.

We must not omit, in conclusion, a curious old custom connected with the no less curious old town of Oakham, the capital of Rutlandshire. William the Conqueror granted the manor of Oakham to his head falconer and his descendants, with the singular right annexed of empowering them to demand the shoe from the near forefoot of the horse or palfrey of every peer, peeress, great man or woman, passing through the manor. The shoe, so taken off, was directed to be affixed to the wall of the ancient courthouse at Oakham, where the assizes then were and still are held. In old times, doubtless, the shoe itself was knocked from the horse's foot by the "lord's" farrier, and many real shoes, dating so far back as the eleventh century, are still attached to the building. More recently, though the horse has been stopped and the shoe demanded, it has been usual to redeem it by a monetary payment, with a portion of which a fictitious horseshoe has been made, varying in size with the liberality of the noble lord, lady, great man or woman whom it represented, which has been duly affixed to the court-house wall. The sight is a most remarkable one; horseshoes cover every portion of the building, extending even to the gates

of the courtyard. Some come evidently from the hoofs of knightly chargers, others from the delicate feet of ambling palfreys. The more modern shoes are gilded, and the names of the contributors painted upon them. Over the judges' seat Queen Elizabeth has a fine large shoe, and beside it is one, some four feet across, inscribed with the name and titles of the late "first gentleman in Europe," and ornamented by a Prince of Wales's feather surmounting it. Shoes of the judges' supposed horses muster in considerable number, they having been prominent among the few nobles and great men who have visited the obscure town on their circuits, and the Midland Circuit, a part of which Oakham, until lately, was, having always been an easy and favourite one. Lord Coke is recorded in rusty iron and faded gilding; while, hard by, bright new shoes, about the size of copper lids, mark the advents to the town of the late Lord Campbell as Lord Chief Justice, and of James, Lord Wensleydale, better known as Baron Parke, a few years later.

Such are some of the old circuit customs which still exist, but a greater number are amongst the "things which were." The writer, in an experience of not more than thirty years, can recollect when in every garrisoned town the soldiers could not leave their quarters without the leave of the judge first had and obtained, and to procure which the officer first in command, in "full fig," with adjutant attending, waited at the judges' lodgings on the commission day for the requisite permission to loose his men from barracks. He presented to the judge for approval or alteration the table of rations accorded to the troops, and handed in the surgeon's report as to the health of the soldiers. The late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, some twenty years since, passed a bill through Parliament which annulled this old custom.

The Governor of Lancaster Castle and the Mayor of Lancaster, until recently, severally gave up their keys and staff of office to the assize judge when he visited that town; while both at Appleby and at Chester the judges resided during the assizes in the castles themselves, and every night, after "locking up," the keys were brought to them as governors of the fortresses. Durham is now the only town in England which receives the judges into a castle, and a grand one too, with accessories of ancient carved oak, tapestry, and most ghost-like state-rooms.

The Mayor of Banbury, accompanied by several members of the corporation, until lately presented themselves at the judges' lodgings at Oxford, and offered the judges Banbury cakes, wine, six long clay pipes, and a pound of tobacco, accompanying the gift with many complimentary expressions. This custom has been recently discontinued.

Until 1859 the ancient Corporation of Ludlow were accustomed to come to the door of the judges' carriage, as they travelled by rail from Shrewsbury to Hereford, and to offer them cake and wine, the former upon an ancient silver salver, the latter in a "loving cup" wreathed with flowers. The late Mr. Justice Hill, travelling the summer circuit in 1858, stopped this old English practice, by informing the Mayor of Ludlow, by previous letter, that, owing to the *delay* (!) occasioned, her Majesty's judges would not stop at Ludlow to receive the wonted hospitality. The mayor and corporation were offended, and did not offer to renew the ancient courtesy. We observe, however, that Baron Huddleston has revived the

custom, and lunched in state with the Mayor of Ludlow on the recent Oxford Summer Circuit while travelling between Shrewsbury and Hereford.

Not long before the times just adverted to, the judge invariably took his carriage on circuit, and even rode in it frequently on the railway truck, with his marshal, in solitary grandeur. He posted in it also, from town to town, drawn by four horses, and by ancient custom no one was allowed to pass him on the road. When he reached the border of the county in which his assize was to be holden, he was met by the sheriff with full cavalcade of javelin men, trumpeters, etc., and stepped from his own carriage into that of the high sheriff, having previously, whilst journeying, donned his wig and black silk gown.

The bar might not ride in any public conveyance, nor put up at any inn or tavern in the assize town. All this is now abolished, and the ruthless "iron horse" and palatial hotel have levelled all such distinctions, just as the recent provisions of the Judicature Bill have plucked the venerable "coif" from the judge's wig, and torn the "serjeant's tippet" from his shoulder!

Who shall say when the abolition of the solemn "opening of the commission" and "churching of the judges" shall not in its turn come about? the high sheriff, javelin men, and trumpeters, be dispensed with? curled horse-hair and ermine be amongst the things of the past, and the judge—

"Sans robe, sans wig, sans cap, sans everything."

save law, administer justice, as in the Southern States of a distant country, in shirt-sleeves white as bishop's lawn, with the adjuncts of a cigar and—soda water! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

HADJI ABARAK.

HADJI ABARAK sat in the little archway opposite his shop moodily smoking his chibouke and waiting for customers. Hadji was a purveyor of shoes; he also repaired them, did little jobs of cobbling occasionally, but always under protest; for he held it the best economy, so he told his clients, to start afresh with a new pair rather than have an old shoe cobbled, which would be sure to leak somewhere and let in the wet. It was misplaced confidence, he said, to trust to a cobbled shoe. Hadji's shop stood half-way up one of those hilly narrow streets of Algiers, streets in which you have some difficulty of seeing the blue sky above, by reason of the projecting casements. Do not mistake this for the modern town, the Frank quarter. Hadji would have scorned to live in such a parvenu neighbourhood. A hadji, having been on pilgrimage to the Holy Cities, his reputation was not a little dear to him. The old city, indeed, keeps itself altogether aloof from the modern town. No contrast can be greater. You pass from the garish new faubourg of French hotels overlooking the port, and the boulevards of stuccoed four-storey houses, with their green jealousies, and the open-air cafés under the palms in the great square where the band plays—cafés so dear to the heart of the Parisian, with their little snuggeries of oleander and myrtle—I say you pass from all this modern

bravery across an imaginary line; and lo! you are at once aware of a new order of things.

You have entered suddenly a mediæval, a Moorish world. You have passed from the glare of day into a sort of mellow twilight, an Oriental gloom of streets that are here and there barred with glints of sunlight falling upon masses of colour. Old sculptured doorways in the narrow passages reveal glimpses and vistas into inner courts, delicious with the cool greenery of flower-beds amid pavements of marble. A fountain in the centre leaps up into the descending sunshine, and quaint fretted galleries, cloistered with pillars and arches, span the space around storey over storey.

Up the narrow streets every house is different from its fellow. Now a mosque, with its alternate blocks of white and red marble, its vestibule of hanging lamps, its silent Mollahs and Imams, and its lofty minarets piercing into the golden sunlight above. Out of breath, you climb a hill crowded with little shops, much like cupboards, opening into the streets. Turbanned shopkeepers sit there smoking amid their wares, or haggling with customers. Moors, Ethiopians, Tunisians, veiled women, eunuchs, jostle one another in the narrow ways. Now and then you see two laden camels manœuvring very adroitly so as to get past one another, so narrow are these ways. Shopkeepers recount tales to one another across the street. The houses project above, storey over storey; casements approach so that from the uppermost storey you might take tea with your opposite neighbour, and pass the cups from lattice to lattice quite easily. And then, all hidden away, closed in amid this labyrinth of buildings, like as a jewel in a rusty antique setting, you come unawares upon some veritable old Moorish palace, brilliant inside with costly marble corridors, and fretted galleries, and balconies, and stairways, rich as the Alhambra.

Such, then, is the old city, in one of whose narrow streets Hadji Abarak's shop was planted.

Now Hadji, as we said, was a shoemaker, and he had stored his little cupboard of a shop with all manner of shoes, festooned about to make the best show. There were shoes in red leather, shoes in yellow leather, and shoes in spangled embroidery of gold; there were *papooshes* for ladies to wear out of doors and Cairene pattens to keep your feet dry in the *humum*, or bath-room; and then, just over the shop—casement and lattice projecting—there was the apartment where Hadji's wife and children lived. But the shoemaker's favourite seat was that archway opposite; he could sit there and admire his handiwork and the general appearance of his shop. It was a kind of blind arch in the outer wall of a mosque, which he fancied he had a prescriptive right to, his shop being opposite; and nobody as yet had cared to dislodge him from it. It was as snug as a chimney-corner to him; there he could curl up his legs and smoke; he could do his work there, and, moreover, be always handy when a customer came, or when a passer-by lingered admiringly to look over his wares. Then, indeed, the Hadji would come down from his nook, like as a spider when he sees a fresh fly entangled in his web. And oh! pride of his heart, from here Hadji could watch and note how often the eyes of his young wife brightened down upon her husband from the lattice above—eyes that he once told her were as rivers of paradise to his love. His children, too! not in all the city could be found prettier children; it was quite a treat to look

at them.
up at the
pots, like
faces covered

And
in the
feet tucked
smoking
leather,
neighbor

at them. Even the wayfarer would tarry and glance up at that lattice, where, amid a thicket of flower-pots, like stray bits of sunshine, their sweet merry faces could be seen.

Hadji quite an authority with his neighbours; in fact, he would often tell them such wonderful tales in the dusk, when the day's work was over, of the various adventures he had gone through by sea and



THE LITTLE PAIR OF SHOES.

And so Hadji's heart was glad. And so for hours in the day the shoemaker would sit there, with his feet tucked up under him, sometimes meditatively smoking, sometimes cutting and stitching at his red leather, sometimes arguing a knotty point with his neighbours. You see his extensive travel had made

desert in his pilgrimage to Mecca, as to gather a circle of faces around him quite blank and paralysed with astonishment. His auditors would even forget their chiboukes and let the tobacco go out, so amazed were they at Hadji's strange experiences. It is true that Howdi Baba, the barber next door, had little faith in

these tales. "Wullahi!" he would cry in the midst of a story, "thou art romancing, O Hadji Abarak! Go back to reason, my friend; thou shootest the arrow so high we no longer see it; it returns not back again to earth!"

Hadji usually winced a little at such corrections; but after a moment he would pursue his parable as extravagantly as before. "When thou goest up on to thy roof, O barber!" said he, menacing Howdi with his forefinger, "ere the moon of midnight rises, thinkest thou there are no more stars in heaven than what thine eyes can see? Wallah! Thy tackle is not keen enough to shave all the heads in Islam."

So Hadji generally had the best of it, but always with friendly seeming, and not to give offence. When the tale was told, he and the barber would make it up over a fangan of coffee and a fresh chibouke. "It is best thus, O my treasure!" so he confided to his wife; "best always to claim the lead; for if two wayfarers mean to cross the desert on a camel, one must sit on the foremost hump."

In fact, the broad views of the world which Hadji had gained through travel and mixing with men, had made quite a philosopher of him. He was quiet and gentle in his speech. "The loud-spoken man," he would say, "is empty of heart. Converse not with him; cast not thy clear water into his empty cistern, for it will only stir up the mud." Assuredly Hadji was not empty either of heart or head. On the contrary, his heart was often full, and philosophy hindered not that he should pour his grief into the ears of his friend. One chief sorrow he had had in life, and one great disappointment—a child's death was the sorrow; a failure in brilliant expectation the disappointment.

Fatima had been Hadji's first child, a little girl fresh and fair as a Damascus lily. The shoemaker's heart had clung to her with a longing that only increased while life ebbed slowly away and the light in the child's dark eyes faded out.

"What aileth thee, O my friend?" Howdi Baba would say in after years, when he saw the cloud creeping over his friend's face. "What aileth thee? Is it the absent Fatima that thou bewailest? Bismilleh! Allah is merciful! Verily she is now as one of the stars up above."

"True, O barber! true. Doubtless she is fairer than when she blossomed in my home. Nevertheless I am sad. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the possessor who has lost it, well may he weep."

His disappointment the shoemaker bore more philosophically. The nature of it was this. On pilgrimage Hadji had fallen in with a mollah bashi attached to the suite of the governor of Tunis. For certain services done, and more expected, this functionary had flattered the shoemaker with hopes of great promotion at court. Talents so brilliant, an intellect so cultivated, ought never, he had said, to be hidden, and it should be the mollah's chief duty—not to say pleasure—the moment he returned to Tunis, to see that proper recognition was made of them.

Now Hadji, of course, was impressed with the justice of these remarks; he felt that in the very fitness of things he was preordained for something better than the cobbling of leather. So he saw in this the ordering of fate, and thereupon he exulted; his mind strutted through the future of his days, and the forestalments of it he indulged in were singularly

brilliant and poetical. Only, as ill-luck would have it, just at that time, in mid-desert, a troop of wild Arabs fell foul of the caravan, and the whole company, governors, servants, suite, mollahs, dervishes, mollah bashi, and all, were scattered to the four winds of heaven, having to flee for their lives.

Hadji Abarak saw the mollah bashi no more; in fact, he had reason afterwards to believe that that functionary was only laughing at his beard, trying, in fact, as Hadji said, to make him eat dirt. "Promotion, forsooth!" the shoemaker would mutter; "did he take me for a dog! Was I made to purvey him with amusement, morning and night, in telling stories and repeating poetry, to mock me thus!" Then Hadji would take a long and diligent pull at his chibouke, and when a fair curl of smoke went up, his eye would follow it meditatively,—up, clearing his wife's lattice window, floating up like a corona or diadem; aloft past sunblind and casement; upwards still, till it sailed out into the clear sunshine above. Then a breath of wind whisked it away, and Hadji Abarak saw it no more! "Wullah!" said the shoemaker, "many a fair day-dream passes away like that wretch of smoke!"

But Hadji never got reconciled to the desert Arabs. They had played him other tricks when he was on pilgrimage, he said; and even now, after so long, whenever a group of these wild Ishmaelites passed his shop, he would glance sideways at them, and repeat the confession of his faith. It was not often that he saw them, for these wandering Arabs as rarely as possible set their feet within walled cities. However, periodically, and for necessary purchases, they come in in groups, and then distribute themselves for two or three hours for shopping. They range the streets with a haughty, self-conscious air. People turn round to look at them, just as a Londoner might turn to gaze after a gang of gipsies. At evening they meet again, and return to their encampments outside, or (in the case of Algiers) make a speedy transit by rail to the borders of their own deserts under the Altas.

Now it befell on a day that Hadji Abarak was sitting in his arch, stitching of leather, when one of these sons of Ishmael, separating from his fellows, came up, and presented himself at the stall for matters of business. The shoemaker was so taken aback that for a moment the street darkened before him, and he was beginning to repeat the confession of his faith; but when the man, spite of his warlike equipments, after fumbling indecisively in the breast of his *kamées*, brought forth thencefrom with much care a little pair of *merakeeb*, or shoes, the spirit of his handicraft came upon him, the uses of shoemaker rushed upon his mind, and matters of business called him back to self.

"*Aliikoom salaam*, O merchant!" said the Arab, touching his head and breast; "bring thy mind and skill to bear for a moment on the cobbling of these shoes, my little daughter's shoes."

Hadji took the shoes, turned them over, first one, then the other. He disliked the look of them. Manifestly, as regards stoutness and integrity, they were in as sorry a plight as shoes could well be. So he said, "No cobbling, O sheik, will make these shoes serviceable against the desert thorn. No confidence can be placed in them, be they stitched never so deftly."

Hadji, as we have seen, privately objected to jobs of cobbling. Nevertheless, he often gave way. But

here v
radice
poked
demon
look,
must
never
pair;
But
his pu
mised
ment,
fair b
merch
use th
time t
But
would
daugh
convic
camel
another
Hadji
Arab
unhoo
streng
But
aside.
he, "
the m
shoes
Fatim
Fati

A M
journa
Helien
wealth
with w
which
of the
more i
sages
by Ch
"TH
themse
and w
sidera
Parlia
betwee
and b
and th
funcio
wards
had th
sixteen
by the
Sir Ge
relativ
from t
mined
his roy

here was a condition of unsoundness in the shoe so radical as to negative all compromise. So Hadji poked his finger through a weak place in the sole for demonstration, and, causing his warlike customer to look, he expounded how that, manifestly, a new pair *must* be bought. "The young maid," said he, "can never wear these again. Take with thee a fresh pair; thou canst choose them out of many in my shop."

But the Arab's face fell. For, in sooth, he had in his purse but two piastres; and, alas! he had promised to his child, in their far-off desert encampment, that she should have the shoes made fresh and fair by the feast of Bairan. So he said, "Truly, O merchant, with the cleverness of thy craft, thou canst use thy tackle upon these shoes, so that for a short time they may be worn."

But he said, "Nay, O sheik, that cannot be. It would bring no credit to myself nor profit for thy daughter. Wallah! a shoemaker's tackle is not so convincing as thou seemest to think. The tethered camel must crop grass within its tether. Take another pair. Come, thou shalt pay cheaply." And Hadji, to the intent that he might buy, lured the Arab to handle pair after pair of little shoes that he unhooked from his shop wall, descanting on their strength and cheapness.

But the man of the desert sorrowfully laid them aside. "Thy handiwork is good, O my friend," said he, "and the price fair, but for the present, save in the matter of a piastre or two for the mending of the shoes I have brought, we cannot traffic. My little Fatima must wait."

Fatima! Hadji meditated for an instant, as one

in deep thought. "Wallah!" said he, "I will do my best, O sheik, with these old shoes. Call again in an hour." And the Arab sauntered away.

But Hadji was seeking to dissimulate with the man of war, for the word Fatima had, somehow, touched a soft place in his heart. "Mashalla!" muttered the shoemaker; "God is great! With all thy wisdom, O Hadji Abarak, thou hast never till now found it in thy heart to believe in any brotherhood with these sons of the desert. To thee they have been wild beasts of prey, which fall upon the caravan and rob the unwary traveller. But behold, here is one who is a father. Behold, here is one who concerns himself to give pleasure to his child, who verily has a tender heart within, spite of that monstrous armoury outside. Fatima! She is his daughter! Ay, and she shall have the daintiest pair of shoes that hang in my shop; and may Allah's peace attend her! Was it not truly said by the poet, the chains that bind us strongest man to man are those which press most lightly?"

So, when the Arab came back, he carried away with him a little parcel tightly done up, for which, after some bargaining, he paid a piastre and a half, unwittingly taking them for the mended pair. But Hadji secretly kept the little pair of worn-out shoes, for Fatima's sake, so he said. And when Howdi Baba and he came to talk about it that night, the barber made merry with the shoemaker, and sought to convince him of folly. But Hadji held his own, answering in the words of Saadi the Just, "Do good and throw it into the sea, for if the fish know it not, Allah will."

ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

V.—AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES II.

AMONG curious documents brought to light by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, is a journal kept by Jean Chevalier, of the town of St. Helier, in the island of Jersey, during the Commonwealth. The diarist describes a number of persons with whom he was acquainted, and various incidents which came within his notice, all of them illustrative of the troublous times in which he lived. But of more interest than all the rest, perhaps, are the passages in which he describes visits paid to the island by Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II.

"The States," as the Jersey local authorities styled themselves, were in sympathy with the young exile, and were Royalists to the backbone, though a considerable part of the inhabitants took the side of the Parliament; and hot war went on for some time between Sir Philip Carteret, the Royalist governor and bailiff, who died at Elizabeth Castle in 1643, and the Jersey committee men, who denounced that functionary as a delinquent. Strife continued afterwards between the two factions, but the Royalists had the ascendancy; and, in 1646, the prince, then sixteen years of age, received full information, "how, by the blessing of God, and the prudence and zeal of Sir George Carteret," who succeeded his deceased relative as governor, the island "had been recovered from the inhuman rebels." It was therefore determined that within its friendly and picturesque shores his royal highness should take refuge; and being

obliged to quit Pendennis Castle, in Cornwall, and having sailed to the Scilly Isles, he landed in his new home at sunset, on the 17th of April, 1646. Taking up his abode at Elizabeth Castle, he there established a little court; and the lords of the council and chief officers of the household, together with chaplains and physicians, remained with him in personal attendance. Other vessels followed, bringing over noblemen and gentlemen; also tradesmen arrived, accompanied by their wives, who acted as *lavandières*, and mention is made, in addition, of soldiers and grooms, and "four superb horses." The royal followers amounted altogether to not less than 300 people, who had lodgings assigned them in the town of St. Helier. The prince, with characteristic tact, made himself a favourite, and propitiated the disaffected inhabitants by restoring to their wives and daughters the dresses, jewels, and other valuables which had been sequestered by the sheriff for parliamentary purposes. He held *levées*, and graciously allowed all sorts of folks to kiss his hand, who, charmed by his manners, pronounced him a charming youth and a most benignant prince. The order of knighthood we find was conferred by him upon Captain Wake, about to take the command of Castle Cornet.

The utmost ceremony was observed in the household. Costly plate was ostentatiously exhibited to amaze the simple-minded townspeople, and everything was done to make an imposing impression re-

specting the royal visitor upon their unsophisticated minds. When on Sunday he attended divine service, a cavalcade of gentry formed a guard of honour, the militia lined the streets, and the service was performed by a court chaplain, according to the Book of Common Prayer, in English, which, though the French-speaking Jerseyites could not understand, was listened to with reverence. A yacht, elegantly painted and emblazoned with the royal arms, and fitted in the stern with soft cushions, was obtained from St. Malo for the prince's use, who amused himself in steering about the beautiful rocky and wooded bays; not, however, venturing beyond the range of the castle guns. Grandees, such as Lord Digby, Lord Culpepper, and Sir Dudley Wyatt, came over to bring messages and despatches; and sometimes brisk engagements occurred between the vessels conveying them, and such ships as lay in the surrounding seas under control of Parliament. When Charles's birthday came round, there were bonfires, illuminations, and copious drinking bouts; and at the same time news arrived from Pendennis Castle respecting the sufferings endured there by the garrison, who continued to be beleaguered by "the rebels." Amidst feasting and display, the Royalists constantly felt themselves insecure, threatened as they were by cruisers round the coast, and by the unfriendly disposition of many inhabitants, so that horse patrols made their round every night, and military guards kept strict watch and ward.

The departure of the prince is related at large, and from the original document, written in French, we translate the following passages:—

"Since the Saturday when the prince had spoken to Lord Jermyn, he had a strong desire to go and see his mother; nevertheless many of the lords opposed his going, but they could only remonstrate with him, and seeing they could gain nothing by this, the greater number of the lords did nothing but lament and shed tears, and refuse to accompany him to France.

"The council was held on Sunday afternoon; and the Monday following, at Elizabeth Castle. After the council, the prince, and those who were going with him, hired six vessels to carry the retinue, baggage and horses; but when the ships were ready to sail two Parliament ships appeared beating about Corbière point. For this reason they altered the plan of their route, and did not start till the next day.

"On Thursday, June 25, between three and four o'clock in the morning, the prince embarked in the frigate of Captain Bowden. Lord Jermyn escorted him on one side, and Lord Digby on the other.

"When the fleet set sail the wind was contrary, so they had to put into harbour. At about five o'clock in the evening the wind changed to the south-west, and the frigate of the prince started with eight vessels, but they were soon overtaken by a violent storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, wind and rain. However, they arrived safely at Cotainville at eleven o'clock in the evening."

In passing, we may observe that Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards the celebrated Lord Clarendon, took up his abode in St. Helier, at the period to which the manuscript refers, and says, in a letter to Lord Cottington, March, 1647-8, "I am busy about nothing but setting lettuces, onions, and carrots: and wish that you would send me some seeds for my garden, that you may be sure of salads when you come." Yet during this leisure he was not so idle as this letter would indicate, for he was busy in collecting

materials for his history; and to provide for his own comfort during his stay, prolonged through two years, he built a house of three storeys adjoining the old church, and there took up his abode.

When, on the 26th of June, 1648, he set sail to wait upon the prince at his mother's request, a parting salute of seven guns from Elizabeth Castle betokened the governor's regret at the departure of a friend whose society he had enjoyed for upwards of two years, and whose counsels had helped him under difficult circumstances.

Mention is made in this interesting document, that on the 9th of February, 1649, Colonel Pawlett and M. Moris, wearing mourning scarfs, with black ribbons round their necks, reached the island with the mournful news of the king's execution on the 30th of January. In a few days, the report, being confirmed by subsequent intelligence, was made public throughout the island, to the no small consternation of the Royalist party, and not a little to the astonishment also of their adversaries. At all events, however, the States immediately proceeded to proclaim their late royal visitor as King Charles II, and he soon afterwards sanctioned the raising of a loan for the repair of the castles, "as his majesty, for his convenience, might choose to stay some time in a place where he had before resided with singular contentment."

On the 17th September, 1649, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we are carefully informed, he, with his brother the Duke of York, landed, after a fine passage, at Elizabeth Castle, followed two days afterwards by domestics, horses, coaches, and sumpter waggons. It was difficult to obtain food and forage for such an influx of visitors; but the governor threw open the castle granaries, and, by a remission of import duties, secured a speedy supply of provisions from the neighbouring coast of France. On the Sunday after the arrival of the king and duke, when it turned out a pouring wet day, the royal party again attended church, the aisles of which were strewn with rushes, and all parts of the edifice decorated with green boughs and bright flowers. The service was conducted by Dr. Byam, who announced that it was his majesty's intention, during his stay, to attend the town church every fortnight, as the castle chapel was insufficient to accommodate the numerous congregation wishing to be present. The feathers, dresses, and decorations of the princes and their attendants are described by the chevalier down to the wife of his majesty's tailor, who is mentioned as appearing in silk attire and other rich stuffs, so as to resemble a captain of dragoons more than a woman in humble life. The royal brothers rambled about the neighbouring country, then rich in autumnal tints, and took with them guns and dogs, in quest of wildfowl, or rode here and there on horseback paying visits to the gentry, at whose houses the young king would remain a day or two, accepting primitive hospitality with great good-humour. He also reviewed the insular troops, amounting to 5,000 men, who presented an imposing spectacle as they spread out their lines on St. Aubin's Bay, the monarch, with a brilliant staff, riding up and down the ranks. Amongst other incidents, mention is made of the christening of Lady Carteret's infant, to whom Charles gave the name of Caroline. After the ceremony came a banquet, when the dwarfs of the king and his brother were called upon to entertain the company with their badinage. One, named Jean de

Lancaster to play humours after his

Bus the ro to be numer royal press. evil," inconv

In t came senger over a Ireland the sa deputi Norma they v Father The among rich at the me dispat ture fr place

"B fast w Januar father's occasi and in and th

"On tion, C of Eliz of Yo nobilit the sei ing dis Sir Ge and al grante Seigne and he their s his in his tru sense l ing th promis island so.' h gentry finally farewe

"Or Charle Buckin would frigate govern brothe even t George frigate her co

Lancere, was a mischievous little jester, encouraged to play practical jokes; the other was of a more quiet humour, and, poor fellow, he died of smallpox soon after his arrival at the island in the royal retinue.

Business, however, as well as pleasure, occupied the royal attention. Money had to be raised, councils to be held, and disputes settled, the latter being numerous, leading to brawls and duels, which the royal master had no little trouble to settle or suppress. Numbers wished to be "touched for the evil," a ceremony which occasioned a good deal of inconvenience to the young pleasure-taker.

In the month of January, 1650, numbers of persons came and went on various errands. A royal messenger from the queen arrived wearing a silver badge over a black doublet. Ladies of quality driven from Ireland were welcomed at the exile's court, and at the same time Scotch commissioners and Presbyterian deputies who had come from Scotland sailed for Normandy; and it is curious to notice that as soon as they were gone the Queen of Portugal's confessor, Father Daly, came on a secret and important mission. The brilliant Duke of Buckingham is included amongst the visitors, and his handsome person and rich attire seem to have made a deep impression on the memory of the journalist. The duke had been dispatched by the queen to hasten her son's departure from Jersey, and to induce him to appoint some place of meeting with her on his journey to Holland.

"By his majesty's express command, a solemn fast was kept throughout the island on the 30th of January, in pious commemoration of his royal father's cruel execution. Services appropriate to the occasion were performed in all the parish churches; and in the temple of St. Helier, the pulpit, the desk, and the table were covered with black.

"On the 11th of February, according to proclamation, Charles II held a farewell *levée* in the great hall of Elizabeth Castle, at which were present the Duke of York, the members of the council, and all the nobility. The governor, the members of the States, the seigneurs of fiefs, franc-tenants, and others holding directly from the crown, were also in attendance. Sir George Carteret did homage for his fiefs in Jersey, and also for certain islands near Virginia recently granted to him by the king in perpetual inheritance. Seigneurs of other fiefs did homage in like manner, and heads of other houses acknowledged service to their sovereign lord. His majesty then announced his intention to quit Jersey in a few days, assuring his trusty and well-beloved subjects of the high sense he entertained of their loyal devotion, exhorting them to continue firm in their allegiance, and promising to 'fix some signal mark of favour on the island as soon as it pleased God to enable him to do so.' Before the court broke up, the authorities and gentry were permitted to kiss the royal hand, and finally his majesty graciously bid them 'heartily farewell.'

"On Wednesday, February the 13th, old style, Charles II, having previously deputed the Duke of Buckingham to inform the queen-mother that he would meet her at Rouen, embarked on board a frigate in waiting, accompanied by the duke and the governor. On the deck of the vessel the royal brothers parted, with every sign of mutual affection, even to the shedding of tears. The duke and Sir George returned sorrowfully to the castle, and the frigate, with a light south-westerly breeze, pursued her course towards Cotainville, where his majesty

landed at three o'clock the same afternoon, and was received with welcome by the Bishop of Coutance. The islanders, although mortified at his majesty's not remaining longer, comforted themselves with the reflection that a king had actually reigned in Jersey for nearly five months. 'This poor little loyal island,' exclaims the diarist, 'merits to be for ever famous of all nations, as it had the honour to serve as a refuge to the prince for many months.' The Duke of York, who remained behind until the beginning of September, had been appointed governor of Jersey, and 'superintendent of the rest of those islands,' under the expectation that the capture of Guernsey would before long be attempted. But, when it was ascertained that Prince Rupert, with the fleet, had proceeded to Portugal, without the slightest intention of touching at Jersey, the duke, by the king's command, returned to France." (Hist. Mans. Report, ii. 158-165.)

JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

GORDON PASHA.

"MANDARIN GORDON" has already gained fresh laurels as "Gordon Pasha." England has reason to be proud of her young officer of Engineers, and the only regret is that qualities so rare and services so great should not be at the disposal of our own country. When the events of the nineteenth century come to be summarised the deeds of Colonel Gordon will hold a bright place in the condensed page of history. It will be told how, in China, when a rebellion had raged for fourteen years, and threatened to destroy the most ancient empire in the world, this Englishman trained and disciplined a native force, and re-established the throne by his "ever-victorious army." The manner of his leaving the Chinese service was as honourable as his career had been illustrious. The chiefs of the last resisting rebels had surrendered on Gordon's promise of their lives being spared. The Imperial generals broke the compact and slew the rebels. When the Peking Government palliated the treachery, Gordon threw up his command, and refused to receive reward or honours for his services in saving "the Celestial empire."

On returning to England, no higher employment was found for Colonel Gordon than his routine duties at Chatham, Gravesend, and Southampton, and afterwards in the Consular service.

While Sir Samuel Baker was in command of an expedition, begun in 1869 by the Khedive of Egypt, and continued for five years, Gordon was acting as a British consul on the lower branches of the Danube, where he was also making observations as a military engineer. The instructions under which "Baker Pasha" acted were of the widest character, the main objects of which were "the subjugation of the countries south of Gondokoro, the suppression of the slave-trade, the introduction of a system of commerce, and the opening up of the great lakes of the equator to navigation." After years of harassing work, the Baker expedition only partially accomplished the task in hand, and it was disbanded at the close of 1873. Meanwhile the Khedive and the officers of his staff, of which General Stone is the chief at Cairo, cast about for a successor to Sir Samuel, and fixed on Colonel Gordon, who was permitted by the Foreign

Office to resign his consulship for this more important post.

On his arrival at the Egyptian capital, and learning the nature of the mission, he agreed to accept it, with some modification of the instructions and a remodelling of the expeditionary force. Among the difficulties to contend with at the outset, especially in suppressing slave-hunting and trading, was the covert policy of the district and provincial governors, who ostensibly appeared to discountenance the abominable traffic, but secretly winked at it on being bribed by the foreign hunters and dealers. Colonel Gordon was therefore invested with higher authority than his predecessor, under the title of Governor of Equatorial Egypt. Moreover, finding that the uncertain state of the Khedive's finances might render it difficult to pay his men and purchase the necessary supplies, he obtained permission to utilise their labour in carrying on a legitimate traffic with the natives in the interior, so as to obtain pecuniary profits for that purpose.

Thus armed with the necessary powers, he lost no time in organising his party, drafted from the officers and soldiers of the Egyptian army. In this selection he had much trouble in getting good men to volunteer for the service, which appeared to be more perilous than profitable. Accordingly, he had to take at first only a small force, slenderly equipped, from the riffraff of the regiments and prisons. However, he made arrangements that the expedition was to be reinforced from time to time as he reported progress to General Stone, who, as head of the Khedive's military staff, had the supervision of the requirements of men and material for its maintenance. Without further delay, he took his departure from Cairo on the 23rd February, 1874, accompanied by Lieutenant Chippendale and several native officers, to form a staff of observation and consultation. There was no demonstration on the occasion, as the expedition quietly commenced its march into the far interior of Africa.

Colonel Gordon is a man of deeds, not words. He has little to say, but that is to the point, and well considered before it is spoken. As a leader in action, he decides quickly, but not hastily, and never makes unnecessary delays before putting his plans into operation. Being a soldier, military discipline was inculcated on his subordinate officers, and strictly enforced upon the men of his expeditionary force. At the same time, while he punished the disobedient and unruly, he rewarded the honest and faithful, and always "tempered justice with mercy." In exercising this system of discipline he generally showed an unerring power of discrimination among men of an alien race, whose antecedents were of doubtful character. But as it was absolutely necessary that they should have full confidence in him, and he in them, to carry out the objects of the expedition, he used all his persuasive powers to show them how it would be for the benefit of all that each should enter willingly into the service, wherever it might go. This he succeeded in doing, almost beyond his expectations, before they crossed the boundary of Upper Egypt, where the real labours of the expedition commenced.

In carrying out these preliminary measures for the organisation of his party, their progress up the Nile was much slower than he anticipated, so that a year and a half had nearly passed away ere they left Gondokoro (named Ismailia by Sir Samuel Baker) in their rear, where the Blue Nile and White Nile

mingled their waters. He now commenced his plan of operations, upon the military system of having the route of communication open and regular with his base, by establishing stations at intervals along the line.

From Gondokoro the party proceeded up the White Nile in what are termed "nuggur" boats on the river, being strongly built, and capable of resisting the force of cataract waters without damage. In these they succeeded in conveying themselves, their baggage, and supplies of food and ammunition, from Ragief to the junction of the Asua river, an affluent of the Nile. The difference between these points is about eight miles in length, and of elevation more than three hundred feet, so it was a great feat to accomplish in forcing the boats up the rapids against a strong current. Higher up, the ascent was comparatively easy, as the party landed to establish military stations at places named Beddin, Kerrie, and Appudo, from fifty to one hundred miles apart. These stations were built of the strongest materials at hand, to resist any attacks of the natives, and the guards were well armed and provisioned, so as to hold out against the Bari tribe occupying the surrounding country, and held to be the most courageous and warlike race on the Upper Nile. Unfortunately, Colonel Gordon had melancholy experience of their hostile proclivities, for he lost a young French officer named Linant de Bellefonds, and thirty-six of the troops under his command, who had come to reinforce the expeditionary column. This promising officer was the son of an eminent engineer in the Khedive's service, who had volunteered to serve under Gordon, and succeeded in pioneering the way to the great lakes, where he met Mr. Stanley, the American explorer, at M'tesa's capital of Uganda, on the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza. This disastrous occurrence diverted Colonel Gordon's plans for the time being from their regular course, for he deemed it his duty to go and punish the sanguinary perpetrators of the attack on Linant and his men. This was satisfactorily accomplished without undue severity, and the bodies and arms of those missing were recovered.

It was in August, 1875, that the expedition arrived in the province of Appudo, at the time this disaster happened to an auxiliary branch of the force, warning its gallant leader to be always on his guard in subjugating the warlike tribes, or marching through a country which might at any moment become hostile. Nevertheless, he fearlessly led the way with an advance guard of picked men, leaving the main body of the force to protect the posts in his rear. Further reinforcements reached Appudo station, comprising a contingent of native auxiliaries recruited from the Makedi district. In addition to this augmentation of the numbers at his disposal, a small steamer, constructed so as to be taken in pieces and put together easily, with two iron row-boats, arrived, having successfully forced its way up the rapids, bringing fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition, with a new *attaché* to his staff, named Romolo Gessi, specially to superintend the operations on rivers and lakes. By these reinforcements Colonel Gordon was now in command of about two thousand men, most of whom were drafted from Egyptian dregs of the community, or taken from unfriendly tribes. Nevertheless, he succeeded in making all of them devoted to him, so that not only did he prosecute the further progress of the expedition without

any mi
of a reg
to rule
at first
soon ga
sition o
tended.
profited
to his
tuted a
ciples,
cheques
revenue
budget

As fa
press t
Living
now ins
in the f
in my
down o
will hel
withsta
tion, he
was the
hunters
has be
"Stand
Gordon
interior
that offi
dealer t
necessit
manded
subject,
able so
Govern
of non-i
through

We n
till the
Meanw
navigat
Albert
belongi
to Mag
on his
cording
to its e
the are
trending
cumnav
appear
about 1
approx
sixth th
to the
He repo
east an
covered
high m
was imp
empties
obstacle
strong t
danger.
and lea
the lake
on his r

At thi

any mishap, but successfully established something of a regular government in the province he was sent to rule over. Moreover, the subjugated tribes, who at first showed a hostile opposition to his advance, soon gained confidence when they saw that no acquisition of their persons or movable property was intended. On the contrary, all, excepting those who profited by the slave-trade, submitted their quarrels to his decision, and abided by them. Then he instituted a trade in ivory upon just and liberal principles, yet yielding such a profit to the general exchequer that he not only paid all expenditure out of revenue, but held a surplus in his honest financial budget for the treasury at Cairo.

As far as lay in his power he endeavoured to suppress the slave-trade, bearing in mind, probably, Livingstone's last words written on the subject, and now inscribed upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey, in the following solemn sentence:—"All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." Notwithstanding his most zealous efforts in that direction, he found that one of the obstacles in his way was the covert encouragement given to the slave-hunters and dealers by the Egyptian officials. It has been asserted by the correspondent of the "Standard" at Alexandria, "that when Colonel Gordon's officers captured gangs of slaves in the interior, and sent them to the mudir, or governor, that official frequently sold them again to the first dealer that came by, and alleged as an excuse the necessity of providing the amount of revenue demanded from his district." With reference to this subject, it must not be forgotten that one considerable source of income is the "backsheesh" paid to Government officials by the slave-dealers as the price of non-interference with them in the various routes through Egypt to the Red Sea.

We must pass over the details of the expedition, till the upland region of the great lakes is reached. Meanwhile, the steamer and boats had successfully navigated the affluents of the Nile leading into Lake Albert Nyanza, under the direction of Mr. Gessi, belonging to Gordon's staff. He first made his way to Magungo, where Sir Samuel Baker left the lake on his homeward journey after discovering it. According to his account, from native information, as to its extent and direction, it would be nearly half the area of Lake Victoria Nyanza, of an oblong form, trending north and south. Mr. Gessi did not circumnavigate its shores, but he steamed across its apparent greatest length, which he calculated to be about 140 miles, with an average width of fifty, or, approximately, 7,000 square miles, which is not one-sixth the superficies of the Victoria lake, according to the latest computation at 40,000 square miles. He reported also that the lake spread mainly in an east and west direction, the southern shore being covered with dense vegetation, and the western by high mountains and forests, so that passage there was impossible. On the east there is a river which empties into the lake, but the vegetation formed an obstacle to its navigation, and the current was so strong that it could not be entered without great danger. After establishing a station at Magungo, and leaving the steamer for further exploration of the lake, Gordon left, with a small number of men, on his return to Egypt.

At this advanced post he found the advantage of

establishing military stations along the route, with regular communication between each, for he received and dispatched his correspondence to and from Cairo, a distance of 2,800 miles, sometimes in five or six weeks, and was in receipt of letters and newspapers from England seven weeks after they had been posted. His return journey was accomplished in about the same time; with none but his body-guard of men, he travelled from station to station free from any hostile attacks of the natives, arriving in safety at Cairo on the 1st of December, 1876, after an absence of two years and nine months, in remarkably good health, considering the privations met with in traversing a torrid malarious region. As he had conducted the expedition in his usual quiet, practical manner, so he rendered an account of its success to the Khedive, who acknowledged his valuable services by requesting him to continue his labours in undertaking a second expedition, with increased power and authority over the provincial governors, which he promised to do.

On his return to England Colonel Gordon enjoyed but a brief repose from his arduous and dangerous task. Notwithstanding the flattering recommendations of the "Times" for the Turkish Government to secure his services as governor of the Danubian Provinces, he did not wait for any overtures in that direction; and having promised the Khedive to fulfil his mission, he lost no time in organising a second party to proceed from Suez to Massowah on the Red Sea, whence he proposed to intercept slave-trading parties from the interior towards the coast. In order that no official hindrance should frustrate his humane designs, he was invested with full power over the local district officials as Governor-General of the Soudan Provinces, besides the newly-acquired province of Equatorial Africa.

Anarchy and disorder have too long prevailed in these regions to admit of full and speedy success, even to a ruler like Colonel Gordon. The Abyssinian hostility to Egypt has brought fresh obstacles and complications. Nevertheless, the slave-hunters dreaded the approach of Colonel Gordon and his men, while the enslaved negroes whom he liberated looked up to him as a deliverer and protector, and even hostile tribes became friendly after a short intercourse. Besides his military qualifications, he exercises wonderful tact in dealing with aboriginal races, whether as friends or foes, by which he wins their confidence, and generally succeeds in gaining them over to perform acts of humanity or justice, which they find to their own benefit individually and collectively. Gifted with the rare genius which belongs to a "born leader of men" his services have been acknowledged by the highest authorities in China and Egypt, who have admired his loyalty and appreciated his honourable motives in undertaking the missions placed in his hands, especially where the cause of humanity was concerned. Moreover, while observing strict discipline and thorough efficiency in his men and their equipment, he has conducted his expeditions on the most economical principles, carrying out, indeed, such financial arrangements as to make them pay their own expenses. On these points Sir Bartle Frere, when in Egypt, after conversing with Nubar Pasha and other functionaries, writes about Colonel Gordon and his expedition as follows:—"Every one speaks most highly of Gordon and his doings. He has not only, they all say, really checked the slave-trade, and still more the slave-

hunting, but he has made his expedition almost pay itself by economy and judicious management of the conquered districts."

On the announcement of Gordon's return from this expedition the "Times" reviewed his career as a successful soldier, who had shown "a power of dealing with nationalities of inferior race or civilisation rare even among Englishmen," and urged that he was admirably qualified to govern the Turkish province of Bulgaria. Two leading articles on the subject appeared, couched in the most flattering terms, which are seldom applied by that powerful journal to the greatest men of the day. The very proposal, and the way it was received by public opinion, showed that here was truly a man of whom England might be proud. If Gordon's life and health are spared we may be pretty sure that in Africa as in China he will do work worthy of being recorded in history.

The Convention between the British and Egyptian Governments for the suppression of the slave-trade, signed in August last, since the preceding paragraphs were written, is the legitimate sequel of Colonel Gordon's expedition. The importation of slaves into any part of the Khedive's dominions is now strictly forbidden. Any person who, either in Egypt or the confines of Egypt and her dependencies towards the centre of Africa, may be found engaged in the traffic in slaves (negroes or Abyssinians), either directly or indirectly, will henceforth be considered guilty of "stealing with murder." All slaves found in the possession of a dealer in slaves are to be liberated. The Egyptian Government also engages to exert all the influence it may possess among the tribes of Central Africa, with the view of preventing the wars which are carried on for the purpose of procuring and selling slaves. It is also agreed that British cruisers may visit, search, and, if necessary, detain, in order to hand over to the nearest or most convenient Egyptian authority for trial, any Egyptian vessel which may be found engaged in the traffic, as well as any Egyptian vessel which may fairly be suspected of being intended for that traffic, or which may have been engaged in it on the voyage during which she has been met with. This right of visit and detention may be exercised in the Red Sea, in the Gulf of Aden, on the coast of Arabia, and on the East Coast of Africa, and in the maritime waters of Egypt and her dependencies. All slaves (negroes or Abyssinians) captured by a British cruiser on board an Egyptian vessel are to be at the disposal of the British Government, who undertakes to adopt efficient measures for securing to them their freedom. This Convention came into operation on the 4th of August last for Egypt proper as far as Assouan, and within three months from the date of signature for the Egyptian possessions in Upper Africa and on the shores of the Red Sea.

Varieties.

"HIGHLAND HONOURS."—A correspondent of the "Inverness Courier" gives the origin of the jovial practice of jumping on chairs and tables to hurrah after toasts with "Highland honours," as the phrase is. It was introduced, or at least made popular, about fifty years ago, in imitation of a scene in "Rob Roy" as acted in the Edinburgh Theatre, when William Murray was manager. MacIan, the artist, was then an actor, and played "the Deugal Creature." He afterwards went to

London, and attended the festivals of the Highland Society, of which he was a member. At one of these, in 1838, he was accompanied by Charles Dickens, then a rising author. On the health of Dickens being proposed, MacIan, recollecting the hurrahing scene in "Rob Roy," jumped on the table, and called out, "Highland honours for Dickens!" The feat was contagious, for a portion of the company followed MacIan's example; and from that date the joyous exhibition and its title, "Highland honours," have been frequent on festive occasions. A Scotchman adds that it is a relief to learn that the custom has no more reputable origin, for he has always felt ashamed on seeing his countrymen make such an exhibition of themselves, even under the excitement of whisky and enthusiasm. There is in truth a good deal of "the noble savage" still in the Scottish Highlander. Any traveller who witnesses Highland games, or even the milder form of sports, including the sword dance, as performed in the Scottish camp at Wimbledon, must be reminded of the scenes at a Kaffre war-dance, or a New Zealand Corroboree.

JUDGE STORY AND GOVERNOR EVERETT.—Once, at a public dinner, Edward Everett, the governor of Massachusetts, gave as a toast, "The Legal Profession," and in the course of his address said, "However high other members may climb, they can never rise higher than *one Story*." The judge rose up at once and replied, "Fame follows applause where-ever it (Everett) goes."

A REGICIDE MAYOR.—A correspondent, "F.C.," writes, in reference to the article in August Part on "Plymouth and its Mayors":—"The history of the mayors of Maidstone is not so interesting as that of the mayors of Plymouth. But we have one man on our list who, in his way, is historically more notorious than any there mentioned. Early in the reign of Charles I there came to the town an attorney named Andrew Broughton. A staunch advocate of popular rights and religious freedom, he soon acquired influence and weight in the town. In November, 1648, Broughton was elected mayor, and being named as a member of the High Court of Justice, he was one of the seventy men that tried and condemned the king, and his name is signed to the death-warrant. According to local histories, Mr. Thomas Wilson, then vicar of All Saints Church, upbraided him publicly from the pulpit for his share in the trial and death of the king, and when Broughton rose from his seat and left the church, he cried after him that he ran away because he was hard hit. Strangely enough, Broughton was elected mayor again in November, 1659, and at the Restoration the town found itself one day without its chief magistrate. Maidstone knew Broughton no more, and he never returned to England. After the lapse of some days, an order came from London to elect a new mayor."

LATER PLYMOUTH WORTHIES.—Another correspondent suggests that, although our roll of Plymouth worthies is a long one, it does not contain the name of one man whose life is more full of interest than that of Dr. Kitto, the "Plymouth workhouse boy." His life is a singular example among that of men who have risen. The son of a poor mason, he lost his hearing by a fall from a roof, and the workhouse became his home. Apprenticed to an unkind master to learn the trade of a shoemaker, his indentures had to be cancelled, and he had to return to the workhouse. But the fired genius was beginning to burn within him. He took up the pen, and his writings fell into the hands of some of the trustees of the Hospitals of Orphan Aid. They saw merit in the lad, and took him from the workhouse. Thenceforth his success was certain. The plodding, steady industry made sure every step which he took, until eventually the deaf pauper lad became the well-known author of the "Biblical Encyclopedia" and the "Pictorial Bible." Carrington the poet, author of "Dartmoor," one of the best of our descriptive poems, was born at Plymouth Dock (now Devonport), and spent his years in the drudgery of the schoolmaster's daily toil. C. S. Gilbert, author of the best history of Cornwall which has yet appeared, was a druggist at Devonport. George Harvey, the mathematician, though almost forgotten now, was a man of note in Plymouth in his day, one of the first mathematicians of the age, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. For his treatise on Shipbuilding he received a diamond ring from the Emperor of Russia. Robert Stephen Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, one of the sweetest of our minor poets, was Plymouth born and bred; and in Plymouth Mortimer Collins, poet and journalist, who has recently passed away, was also born. Dr. Letheby, medical officer of health to the City of London, was a Plymouth man. And many men of mark in science, in literature, or in art, still living, claim as their birthplace Plymouth or its sister town.

No so
hur
Keeper,
the stab
silent at
of the g
field roa
No. 1